

and boys from getting jobs in this day. If there's anybody I have no use for, it's the tobacco-chewing preacher. \* \* \* If I were some men's wives, I would refuse to clean their spittoons. Let every hog clean his own trough. There are 3,000,000 cigarette fiends in our country, including thousands of fool women. Let me tell you, sister, when I see you smoking a cigarette I don't want to know anything more about you. I've got your number."

Bartow, Fla.

#### SOCIAL TEACHING IN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.

This is an outline of an address delivered by President George B. Stewart, of Auburn Theological Seminary, New York, before the Joint Commission of the Federal Council in St. Louis.

"The attitude or the practice of the seminaries is by no means uniform relative to social teachings. Many seminaries are giving attention to the social training of their students. This is being done in a variety of ways. In some cases, a professor of Sociology has been added to the faculty, who gives his whole time to this department. In other instances, the department has been added to some other department—for example, that of Homiletics. In other instances, certain courses in social instruction have been added to each of the departments. In still other seminaries, there is an effort being made to add the social note to all the instruction of the institution, so that the total impression of the faculty upon the student will be in the interest of a social vision and enthusiasm.

"Eventually the apparently uncertain steps of seminaries will be found to be leading in one direction and the confusing crossing of their paths will blend into one broad way toward systematic, co-ordinated and efficient organization of this theological discipline.

"It is evident that there is a new note being struck in the minister's work, or a new emphasis. He still has to deal with individuals, and his chief task now, as always, is to make men of them in the true Christian sense. But there is an instant demand that men are not true men unless they hold within their field of consciousness their social relations and obligations.

"Ministers are to have this as part of their message. To give men spiritual power and a social passion is a large part of their mission. The emphasis today is on the application of this power to the expression of this passion. It is this emphasis which in the judgment of your committee is creating a new situation for the seminaries.

"What is the student to face in a very practical way when he enters his parish? What will he be expected to know? What will he be expected to do? There are certain very obvious answers to these questions which cast a flood of light upon this problem of the seminary.

"(1) The first and most constant conditions which he meets are those caused by poverty. He must deal with poverty and its consequent distress and vice and crime. A large part of his work will be in relieving these conditions. This would indicate that the seminary should organize a course which will give him a fair preparation for doing this part of his work.

"(2) Every minister should know his own parish and all that there is to be known about it—morally, religiously, socially, economically, politically, educationally, and in every other respect. This is widely felt by the ministers, but the difficulty that most of them encounter is that they do not know how to get this informa-

tion nor how to use it after it is obtained. It is the business of the seminary to give to its students adequate training, so that when they go to their parishes they will know how at once to go about getting acquainted with all local conditions and be able to make the knowledge thus obtained immediately available for specific use.

"(3) Social theory is a live topic today in our American life, and there are all sorts of social philosophies and social philosophical implications abroad in the land. Every minister ought to have a sympathetic and working knowledge of the separate types of social theory, such as socialism and syndicalism, on the one hand, and of individualism on the other, and be able to make some satisfactory adjustment of the theory and work of the Church to them.

"(4) We think it important that seminaries, their students, and all ministers, should realize that the ordinary work of the pastor and preacher is social service of the highest order and greatest value. They should, therefore, understand that every bit of training which contributes toward making them more faithful, more capable, more effective in the performance of the usual and common duties of their high office, is a real contribution toward the improvement of the social order."

#### GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

By Rev. C. M. Hutton.

"Jehovah Jireh" is the title of an interesting little book from the pen of Dr. Wm. S. Plumer. He says: "He that studies providences will have providences to study."

God's care of His creatures is a most wonderful thing, and most conclusively proves His wisdom and love. He "preserves and governs all His creatures and all their actions." It requires just as much power to keep all things in existence as in creating them.

Behold the sun! It has painted the golden sunsets for hundreds of centuries. It has given the dew-drops their prismatic beauty for all time. It has decorated the beautiful landscapes teeming with their bright foliage for ages. Yet it shines to-day in all its original splendor, "its natural force unabated," just as inexhaustible as when it rolled forth in all its glory and grandeur from the hand of the Great Creator. The same is true with all things that have life.

The student of nature recognizes, with adoring wonder, the harmony which God has established between His creatures and their circumstances, by which their lives are preserved.

Those creatures that burrow in the soil have bodies shaped like a wedge and forefeet so formed as to do the work of a spade. The animals that inhabit arctic regions, the polar bear for instance, are wrapped in furs and for the protection of life are white, the color of the snow. The ptarmigan is a bird of the arctic, its plumage being ash-color in summer and white in winter for its protection. Some animals, as the tree-toad and chameleon, assume the color of the tree upon which they climb.

Our Saviour teaches God's providence by His care of the little sparrow. In Matthew 10:29 we read, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" In Luke 12:6, it reads differently, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" We might have supposed it would have been four instead of five. This is not a mistake or a discrepancy. The meaning of it is, if a person bought as many as two farthings' worth an extra sparrow would be thrown in, of so little value were these little birds in the estimation of men. But not so with God, for "one of them shall not

fall on the ground without your Father." Our Saviour adds, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

God exercises a special providence over His people.

Protestantism was about to be blotted out in England when the great Spanish Armada was coming to make a formidable attack. Just in the nick of time God sent a storm into St. George's channel which dashed to pieces this mighty fleet.

Let the writer relate some of his experience. When a boy of only nine years, and with my brother of eleven years and a friend of nine years, as we were returning from school we decided to go bathing in a large creek near my childhood home.

Neither of us could swim. Inadvertently I got into deep water and called for help. My two companions rushed in and the boy clasped my brother so tightly he was rendered helpless, but with one hand he caught a tender vine that hung from a leaning tree and paddled with the other hand to the shore.

Though unconscious, I swam to them in my struggles, and so all three were rescued, but I was perfectly unconscious till aroused by the calls of my brother. No other but a divine hand hung that vine from that tree. I am the sole survivor now—the other two were killed during the war.

I was the chaplain of the 36th Alabama regiment in the command of Gen. Joe Johnson in Tennessee during the War Between the States. We expected an engagement near Wartrace. We were about to be surrounded by the enemy. A rapid retreat was ordered. Presently, we halted for rest. Just then, by carelessness in handling a gun, it was fired and broke the leg of one of our men. His leg was immediately amputated and he begged me to remain with him. I did so at the risk of being held. Though a non-combatant, the Federals held us and sent me to Nashville first in a very crowded car, but the lieutenant seeing my badge (a maltese cross), said "I'll give you a better place." That place was at the heels of a horse, and having no blanket I had to lie on a filthy floor with nothing to protect me. My only companion, a man who introduced himself as a surgeon, giving his name as Lloyd. As we neared Nashville the train stopped and a little boy came up to see the prisoners. Lloyd asked, "Can you bring us some breakfast?" "Yes," he replied, "if you are rebels." We told him we were "rebels." Soon he brought an elegant breakfast which we, after fasting for about two days, enjoyed heartily. Lloyd said, "Let's write a note of thanks, but I have nothing to write on." I pulled from my pocket a little company book entrusted to me by one of our captains. After Lloyd wrote the note he placed the book in his own pocket, which I failed to observe. This, however, was a link in the chain of God's providence.

Soon we were put off and I was marched with several men to the penitentiary. I then missed Lloyd and the little book. I asked a group of men, "Can any of you tell where Dr. Lloyd is?" One man said, "He is not a surgeon, but a private; he jerked on a surgeon's uniform in the act of being captured, so as to have an easy time. He claimed to be a surgeon and was sent to Prison Hospital."

The next morning I wrote to the provost marshal requesting to be released. He ordered me before him and paroled me within the limits of the city. I asked, "Where is Prison Hospital?" He replied, "It is about two miles in a northern direction," and informed me it was within the city limits and I was at liberty to go there. I found two sentinels keeping guard at

the entrance. I asked, "Where is 'Dr.' Lloyd, a prisoner who was sent here yesterday?" I didn't wish to give him away and so called him "Dr." I was told he was calling on some ladies in company with Dr. Hickman, the superintendent. I thought what sort of a fellow are you—a prisoner one day and calling on ladies the next!

I saw him through the window as I reached the house. He greeted me politely and introduced me to the lady of the house and to Dr. Hickman, calling me "Chaplain Hutton, C. S. A." No sooner did I take my seat than this kind unknown lady asked, "Did I understand that Dr. Lloyd called you a Chaplain?" "I am." "How is it that you are loose?" "I have just been paroled within the limits of the city." She then remarked, "My son is in the same condition that you are—a prisoner in my own home, and if you will accept I will give you a home with us for your influence over my son." Before I could answer this exceedingly kind and unexpected offer from a perfect stranger Dr. Hickman said, "We need a chaplain at our hospital; if you will accept I'll give you a room to yourself, a seat at my table and you may minister to the wants of your own men lying 'in their bunks wounded or sick.'" I thanked the lady and offered to do all I could for her son, but the doctor's offer being one of greater usefulness I accepted his offer.

Dr. Hickman did everything he promised. Here I remained three months, visiting the soldiers daily, taking about thirty dying messages to wives, mothers, etc., which were delivered on reaching my home. I also preached regularly to them and put Testaments at every bunk. See the wonderful leadings of God's providence using the deception of Lloyd to bring all this to pass.

Another remarkable providence I must relate. There were three German ladies near Prison Hospital that were Southern sympathizers. They were permitted by Dr. Hickman to bring clothing, etc., to the soldiers. I shared in their gifts, and often visited them. They were Mrs. Kossuth and Mrs. Tovell (sisters), and Mrs. Tovell's daughter. Mrs. Tovell's husband was a preacher. He had preached the funeral of a man the Yankees had put to death. For doing so he was ruthlessly taken from his home without being permitted to take leave of his family and sent South. Mrs. Tovell had not heard a word from him for weeks.

I was brought before Gen. Granger (commandant of the post), who applied and secured my release of Gen. Rosecrans.

I was seated in an ambulance to be taken to the depot, having a letter from General Granger to the provost marshal of Washington City, D. C., with instructions to further my progress South, and I was sent on parole of honor. Before leaving Mrs. Tovell appeared and asked, "Where are you going?" I told her I was on my way South. "Oh," said she, "do try to meet Mr. Trovell and tell him about us." I said, "Certainly, I will," but the thought occurred that for me to find an unknown man in the whole South and deliver such a message would be as improbable as the finding of a needle in a hay-stack.

Strange as it may seem I found the man and delivered the anxious message before reaching my Alabama home. It was by a chain of divinely directed providences. I had reached Selma, Ala., and was informed I could not get a train in my homeward journey for about seven hours. This time would hang heavily upon me when so near my destination where I would meet my mother. I thought of an old friend, Mrs. Chancellor Fellows, the wife of one of the ruling elders of the Presbyterian church. It was about two miles away with no street car to take me. I spent